THE REAL PROPERTY AND THE PERSON NAMED IN COLUMN TWO IS NOT THE PERSON NAMED IN COLUMN TWO IS NAMED IN COLUMN TWO IS NOT THE PERSON NAMED IN COLUMN TWO IS NAMED IN COL



By F. L. FOX



early dusk, perched upon the bottom step porch, his hat pushed back upon his head, and a very good cigar tincturing the atmosphere in that vicinity with a very Mr. Black was gentleman what was more, to offer a counterpart to Mr. Brown, and hunch himself further toward the railing so the visitor

"Hear about it?" asked the owner of the steps briskly.

"Hear about what," answered Mr. Brown, as he spread his serge coat-tails, preparatory to planting himself beside Mr. Black. "About that in there." The owner of the half-consumed cigar jerked his thumb toward the open door behind.

"Something up?" queried the new-comer, "Something up! Well, rather. Every-

thing but the carpets." "Go right on, George, don't harrow my feelings by stopping.

"But it's funny you haven't heard of it," mused Mr. Black. "Bet you're the only the neighborhood-hold! I've got it. Just got home this afternoon, didn't

"Train got in 4:40: Mary coming on the 6 o'clock."

"That accounts for it-Mary don't know -you don't know. But I'll wager Mary isn't in town three hours without hearing the particulars down to the rags." Mr. Black tapped the ashes carefully on the outside of the rail. "Like this. Remember that Swede girl, Thomas-Matilda; we got her just before you left. Never did without saying after the first remark. Queer, isn't it," mused he of the cigar, "how many tastes ons in common you find you don't have, after you're married? Now, the day when it kept Emily and digging up new sides of our charjust matched while we were afterward on another slant.' waved a deprecating circle, "Oh, grumbling, it's just the ordinary seen of the sunset between row of cottages; just a faint creeping up into the denser there the little peeling of a hung in a passing blur of cloud. "Wet moon," he said; casually.

"And --- " suggested his listener. "Precisely. Thomas, I was just thinkthose carnations. Ever tell you about those carnations? Coming eventsyou know!

"Never heard carnation mentioned in this

"Probably not," answered Mr. Black dryly. "I've never mentioned it-you can put that in your pipe. The real episode was like this: Carnations were to be given as souvour wedding breakfast; the Spriter | side of the pillar. there. You know the Spriter Daisy was a peach, dressed in pink that when I saw those carnations I thought at once of her. Emily and Daisy get along well together; think perhaps Emily may suspect I used to rather fancy Miss Daisy. Anyway, she turns her her class; well, not exactly those words, perhaps, but the meaning's the same. And when I suggested giving that biggest bunch to Daisy, you should have seen Emily flare; those carnations were going to Aunt Jane-you know Aunt Jane, face that would break the peace, sort of underdone lemon-pie expression, with a disposition to

you are wondering where Ma-Thomas, it's not half beginning at the beginning. mber Kitty-bright little bruand go about her that was Recollect those crisp little bows made up my mind yet whether it was the teacup Kitty broke or my apology for it to that caused Kitty's hasty withdrawal from our service. Anyway, she

was right; those carnations went to Aunt

Mr. Black sighed. "Well, Emily

"I tell you there was rejoicing on Emily's side over the advent of Matilda. Matilda was large and slow and unpleasantly and obtrusively blonde; you always heard that girl's approach two rooms away, owing to her honest tread. She trod like an elephant lost in thought. It's not strange now that this question of help should be such a bugbear to the women folk. Now there's your place-you have three applicants the first day your're out of help-and here's ours; we've got to skirmish and put up with what comes along. Difference? Children! Chilthe first entry under the 'Don'ts' Servants' Union sheets. And we-

have three," Mr. Black was warming up. can see, therefore, when Emily applied in answer to our standing notice at the employment office-slow, honest, phleg-Emily's heart bubbled with joy. Emily and she got along like a pair of cherubs. The household was metamorphosed during those first few weeks, Matilda turning out to be one of those family treasures my wife has been unearthing ever since we be-

up when you impose something like shutting up the dog on her; wash begins to | heard!'

THE CLASSIC RASPBERRY

In "Summer," July 2, 1851, Thoreau wrote: "To-day the milkweed is blossoming. Some of the raspberries are ripe; the most innosimple of fruits; the purest and most ethereal." According to Pliny, 45 A. Greeks gave the raspberry the ubus idaeus," and this elegant of Mount Ida" was mentioned in century as a cultivated fruit by a Roman horticulturist. The Germans call the raspberry "kratzberre," from "kratzen," to scratch, and in provincial old they were known as the "hindbecause engerly eaten by the hind or female of the stag. "Rasp" is another rural English title. "Set sorrel among the rasps, now will the rasps be smaller," said the large-fruited foreign vaall descendants of the Mount Ida It is a native of all temperate countries, however. Professor Blatchley notes that Indiana in many counties has three wild raspberries; the red raspberry which flowers in May and June, to ripen in July and August; the black raspberry, flowering in April and May, to ripen in July, and the dwarf raspberry, found only in swamps and wet places in a few north-

ern counties. The national history of the classic raspberry is similar to that of all other fruits, according to official report. Fifty years Washington authorities reprimanded | Cope, Cushing, "dates from 184;" Mrs.

Mr. Brown came upon Mr. Black in the wear off, you know, and the brass is to the fore. Emily said she felt just like she had a lump of honest clay to the molding; and she trained Matilda-oh! she trained Matilda all right! Morning, noon and night, in season and out, and the fire never rose to the honest girl's wide cheeks at the brisk remark in my presence.

"Household affairs went on swimmingly Emily felt at perfect liberty to take the baby's tantrums, Jacky's torn trousers, Geraldine's self-barbered curls and burnt custards out equally on Matilda, and Matilda never complained. Seems to me now, though, someway, like I do remember a wicked little red twinkle somewhere back in the shallows of her blue eyes when she

thought no one was looking. Dare say I was mistaken, though. "Emily never lost a chance of holding that girl's piety up to me as a silent object lesson. It's a fact: it was depressingly above reproach. She saved our meat bills religiously on Fridays and let the dishwater chill while she slipped out to confess her other sins. It seemed downright inconsiderate sometimes that St. Ann should be just round the corner; once she found she had to scrub the church steps the same night we had invited our Uncle Richard-the one that we keep in cotton batting, you know, on account of the things that he may do sometime for the children-on the one evening in the three hundred and sixty-five. I don't know how about Mary, but I've had undisputed evidence that soupy ices and burnt custards don't improve Emily's tem-

"However, Matilda was still a treasure, somewhat down in the market quotations, like that girl, sort of repellancy business. but still a treasure. Even when she nearly Emily did-of course, Emily did. Natur- frightened the neighbors as well as ourher bedroom window from the ladder because she had forgotten to take the key, and ricocheting at the top rung clattered to the bottom with every ounce of her very solid person audible, even then Emily kept her temper and merely took the broken window out of the week's wages.

"It was shortly after this incident that we began to suspect that honest Matilda had prevaricated about the size of her family. We counted six different brothers in the course of as many weeks who dropped in for a friendly lunch at our kitchen table. They were particularly well-seasoned-looking brothers, too, with a remarkable lack of family semblance. If anyone had asked me I should probably have said that their proper background was the stone pile. But Emily, wise little woman, merely smiled condescendingly and said she was sorry the poor girl had so little faith in our wel wishes. Just between you and me, Thomas I believe she had the man picked out and Matilda's outfit planned up to Friday last." Here Mr. Black paused, regarding the end

of %s cigar reflectively, while something very like a smile twitched at the muscles about his mouth. Mr. Brown flipped his cigar, likewise carefully, against the out-

"Friday-" there was an upward twin

"Precisely, Friday. Friday was the scene Friday morning there was an ominous stillness about the kitchen, no cheerful clatter, no fairylike tread. Geraldine was scolding, the baby fretting, and Jacky snoring the snores of the normal schoolboy at half past 7 in the next room, when Emily went down to investigate. When she came back there were wrinkles in her forehead that are not naturally there. think perhaps Emily never hated to honest about a thing as she hated to tell the truth at that moment.'

"Matilda-?" "Precisely! Matilda! That excellent person had shaken the dust of our house of her skirts-gone!" Mr. Black's pudgy hands went up in the air closed and then spread fat fingers suggestively. "Gone, Thomas: likewise the silver, the best wearing apparel, the family jewelry that was worth taking. Thank heavens, Emily sleeps with the family pocketbook and her watch and mine in an old shoe, or under the bureau or the pillow, otherwise she would be having something more serious than nervous prostration at present."

"Precisely. AND our plight was found to be duplicated exactly by the Tomkinses three doors below. The Tomkinses hired their man 'John,' it seems, three weeks before Matilda applied to us. Slickest pair in the State criminal records. Tomkinses' man 'John' turns out to be Plug Whitney, and our honest Matilda his wife Car-

"But the police-" began Mr. Brown excitedly, looking over to where the lights were beginning to show from the windows

of his own cottage. "Precisely. After we had explained the affair patiently to them they seemed to be vexed because we had not had the consideration to tell them before the little affair was pulled off instead of after, so that they might have had the benefit of the

standing reward." Mr. Black braced his hands, elbows out on his comfortable knees and looked pommatic Matilda; you can understand how pously at the moon, then he twirled the stump of his cigar toward his mouth, but half way up it paused-

"Ge-or-ge!!" There was the merest inflection of im patience in the feminine voice that came out of the darkness behind. Mr. Black suddenly straightened up and throwing the stump of his cigar carefully clear of th flowerbeds he jerked his hat forward at time bending towards Mr Brown, "By cricky, Thomas," he whis-"How much d'ye suppose sh

farmers at large for "slipshod culture and | ful. neglect" of many delicious and wholesome garden products. In 1848, when New York was at the head, horticulturally, and shipped fruit to European markets, a "Pomological Society" which considered 132 varieties of apples, with pears, peaches, plums, grapes and nectarines, gave no attention to any berries whatever. By 1858, however, the Hudson river banks in the raspberry season breathed at night for miles of aromatic steamboats and barges laden with that celebrated foreign raspberry, the Hudson river Antwerp. Names of the old raspberries make an interesting list. The Cuthbert, still reckoned "the best raspberry that grows," was a chance seedling found by Thomas Cuthbert at Riverdale, N. From gold of the burnished heavens to the silv Y., about 1871. Among the old English kinds, now superseded, were Cornwall, Lord Exmouth, Brentford, Cox's Honey Cretan Red, "from the Mediterranean," Siberian, Nottingham Scarlet, Victoria, Old Red Antwerp, Wilmot's Early Woodward's Red Globe. Among esteemed berries of Eastern To give to my raptured spirit the thrilling of growers after the first came well-merited prestige were the American Black Cap, "found common in ol stumps and around fence corners, fine for Belle de Fontenay, "a dwarf, autumnbearer;" Catawiss, a Pennsylvania graveyard seedling; Antwerp Colored Wilder,

Wilder Emily, "also of the Wilder family;" Fastolf, "English, from an old pile, Fastolf castle, near Yarmouth, Eng.;" Franconia, a French berry; Fulton, General Patterson, Knevett's Giant, "England, 1843;" Magnum Bonum, Orange, Merveille de Quartre Salsons, Northumberland Fillbasket, Ohlo Everbearing, "two crops a year;" the Thunderer, English; and Walker, Philadelphia.

The raspberry in Indiana merely repeat-

ed its experiences of the earlier settled

country, at first neglected, then discover-

ed and enthusiastically extolled. Four varieties, however, were grown "in the sunny laboratory of the garden" in this State, fifty years ago-the Red Antwerp, the yellow or white Antwerp, Fastolf and Franconia. Mr. L. Boelman's report of Indiana State fair, 1855, mentions only apples and pears under the head of fruits, and complains that even rhubarb is neglected. Justifiably, no doubt, he accused Indiana farmers and gardeners of "the universal habit of living too much of meat." A premium essay on fruits, contributed at same date by Mr. William H. Loomis, is given over almost entirely to apples, with an appendix of all fine fruits recommended for culture and consumption by meat and potato-eating Indiana. In due season, however, Indiana wore tall raspberry-colored plumes in her horticultural cap. At the great Philadelphia centenial exposition, 1876, Mr. Henry Barricklow, of Ohio county, Indiana, was awarded the very highest premium for raspberries, a blackcap-the "Gregg"-of great size and excellent quality, being indorsed by the Gardener's Monthly as "larger than any other of its kind known. Now, Indiana raspberry-growers delight their own State and place beautiful dessert dishes of this patrician fruit on the breakfast tables of many outside city neighbors. Curiously enough, the rich, beautiful raspberry, wild in its native condition, had to be struggled with by fruit-growers before hardy bearing plants could be assured. As William Cullen Bryant said, it was a "horticultural scandal" that gardeners could not secure a raspberry to cold winters. Culture and crossfertilization have worked marvels and modern American raspberry chronicles surprise the amateur. Among these the old Indiana "Gregg" is still "the leading late black cap;" other fine berries are the Loudon, Marlboro, Cuthbert, Columbian, Cumberland, Cardinal, Souchet, Golden Queen and Kansas. A strawberry-raspberry from Japan is among the novelties; also thornless raspberry and a climbing raspberry to cover a trellis or a wall. The Logan berry is a hybrid between the blackberry and raspberry. "Scotchcap" is th pretty Canadian name for the wild red raspberry; it is also known as the "thimbleberry"-and "the great leaves of the wild

quart, and one summer one old man gathered \$40 worth. Martha Bockee Flint says that the raspberry is not in literature and is seldom mentioned by poets. Charming Leigh Hunt, however, admires his own weakness for "raspberry tarts and the sirups of violet;" he wishes fervently that he could forego roast beef of old England and "stick to this paradisiacal eating-to have blood made up of raspberries and roses." Gastronomically the raspberry is voted "most cooling and refreshing to allay great heat." For raspberry vinegar, wine and "shrub" the old English formula begins: "Crush freshgathered raspberries in a china bowl;" and at the close of several such recipes the honest cookbook author adds: "N. B .- We have not tried this receipt."

raspberry vine make excellent drinking

cups," says Alice Lounsberry. In the

southern Indiana raspberry fields picking

begins about June 10, and this is a three

weeks' flying idyl of the most poetical hard

work known to fruit gardeners. In old New

England wild raspberries were brought to

market by Indians in birch bark baskets,

and by Yankee women, children and old

men. These berries sold at 3 to 5 cents per

Among unique concoctions of England 1829, is "raspberry cream." "Rub fresh raspberries through hair sieve, mix pulp well with cream and sweeten to taste. Put in stone jug and raise a froth with a chocolate mill. Take the froth off with a spoon and lay on a hair sieve. Put what cream remains in a deep china dish and pour the frothed cream upon it as high as it will lie on." What to do next the chronicle does not state. "Raspberry paste" is another unusual old recipe. "Mash berries, strain one-half and put the juice to the other half; boil a quarter of an hour and add a pint of currant juice. Let all boil until the berries are done. Then add two and one-half pounds of double refined sugar; boil again and pour into molds. Dry them in an oven.' "Paste," we are told, "will keep six months:

when wanted, take a piece the size of an

egg, mix with half a pint of water and

squeeze through a napkin."

Raspberry leaf tea, or "Hyperien tea, was drunk in America in revolutionary times. Old American cookbooks are some what reserved in the matter of raspberry diet; but all the old English recipes were doubtless in high favor. Virginia cooks in sisted on a wooden spoon for jam and jellymaking, and a New England oracle assures us that "a small piece of calf's foot isinglass" will subdue raspberry jelly which will not "jell." Old Maryland raspberry vinegar is noted as a "most refreshing summer drink and good in complaints of the chest." Raspberry ice cream, in that old classic, "Inquire Within," is thus presented: "Same as strawberry. Often colored with cochineal, but not to its advantage." Raspberries, says the old "Godey's Lady's about "coca-cola," but one seldom see Book," "may be preserved wet, bottled or | that as the trolley whirls by; besides, it ! made into jam and marmalades; they are good dried in the sun or the oven and are delicious stewed for table or tarts." Most ideal background for the gastronomic discussion of June's ethereal raspberries would be a cool, airy Northern piazza, with lowbeamed ceiling and massive pillars, arched doorways and vine-latticed sides. There, as Leigh Hunt wrote on a midsummer day, of "fruit desserts and other good cheer" let the writer be approached with a beautiful plate-

An Unexpected House.

Kansas City Journal A. J. Koger, who has a farm in Blue bottoms, is the possessor of a house which he did not have before the flood. When the flood was at its highest he looked down the hills and found a fairly good floating over his corn field. struck against a reef and lodged there When the water goes down he will place foundation under it, or the owner can cal for it and haul it away. Mr. Koger los about \$3,000 by the flood. Just before he left for Independence a steamer was sailing over his wheat fields.

The Prairie.

am not fenced by human eyes That shut me in from nature's guise. To shroud me in convention, make my spiri one with those

That pace some narrow close The grass, in its tangled sweetness The breath of the wind that strays and tarries The misty line where the earth hue marries

And laughter to my eyes. And faintly, sweetly, slowly, through infinitudes New-glowing out of darkness, like the love jams and puddings;" the American Red, Flames out the sudden brightness of the gloom And awe and rapture quicken to The vastness that is time and space and lov broods warm and near.

-Lewis Worthington Smith, in the Critic.

CASUAL COMMENT



which still retained a field and orchard at | equator." "Must have been in the tropics," said the the back. The club was a large one-nearly a hundred guests were expected. The Good Listener. president's cousins and friends came early the trees. The decorations were to be white

dilemma. "I know where there are white flowers," said a neighbor, "give me a market-basket

clusters. The florist was distant, the gar-

and a pair of scissors." Very soon she returned with a basketful of delicate, starry flowers, white or faintly tinted, with a yellow point in the center. They were just the big, flat clusters de-

sired, too. "Where did you get them? What are

"Surely you know?" "Indeed, I do not."

"Potato blossoms from your own field that

you cross every day." "Potato blossoms! I never should have dreamed it. Let's see if any one will recognize them. I'll not say they're potato blossoms. What can we call them?"

"The botanical name is tuberosus; you might call them field tuberoses." The field tuberoses were much admiredthe hostess was even besought for bulbs or cuttings, but nobody suspected their iden-

tity. And this is true. Few things are so inveterately long-lived as literary traditions. Let it once be established that a certain remark on a certain subject is the thing to say, and writers keep on saying it to the end of time. No one stops to consider whether it ever was true, or, if so, whether it is true now; he merely tries to think of a novel way of saving it. A traditional remark is that anticipation always exceeds realizationthat no happiness is ever so great as w expected it to be. So we all say it, all though we all know better; at least, so far as those greatest lovs which are also the commonest are concerned. Is not the rapture of the convalescent's first return to out of doors beyond all he could imagine? And the maiden waiting for her lover to declare his love, the young wife expecting her first born-no possible rosiest hope or wildest expectations begin to equal the blessed

"Because God's gifts put man's best dreams Then, there is the tradition that childhood is life's happiest time. The people who think so, if there are any who actually do, are those who do not remember their childhood-only a little of what happened, nothing of what they really felt. And there is the idea, hardly old enough to be called a tradition, invented by Carlyle, that "Genius is an infinite capacity for taking pains." Genius is the gift by which people do things easily, swiftly, unhesitatingly, which are overwhelmingly superior to what other people can do "by taking infinite pains." But I suppose we shall continue to be told, in essays by the young and all manner of children's papers persist in identifying addresses to the young, that anybody could be a genius-a Paganini, a Napoleon, a Raphael, a Shakspeare, by trying hard find out." enough and long enough and carefully

The traditional view of what woman is one of the finest examples. To begin with it is derived from the monks of the middle ages, who, to their presumable complete ignorance of the subject, added the plentiful misinformation given them by their teachers and superiors. This view is no longer held unmodified-each writer-man combines with it his own personal miscomprehension of his own wife-usually profound. My dear sirs, there is no such thing as Woman, with a capital "W." Women are no more all alike than men are. Neither are children. The prevailing theory about The Child, held as the depth and height of pedagogic and kindergarten wisdom, in seven cases out of ten, at least, is a misfit. "Children are capable of perception, not of reflection; children understand only the concrete, not the abstract"-and here is a gir of seven, absorbed in "the riddle of the painful earth." meditating profoundly on how God can allow sin and suffering, and on how she is free to do what she pleases, and yet God knows beforehand what she will do. And there is a boy of four who propounds this easy question:

"God made everyfing. He must have made He own se'f. But I don't see how He did make He own se'f, when He wasn' there-to get the fings togever-to make He se'f out of."

Speaking of the "signs of the times," have seen a sign, painted in letters thre feet long on a blank side of a store which

"Graves, Block & Co., "Undertaking and Embalming

"Delicious and Refreshing."

I believe there is something lower dow partly concealed by adjacent roofs.

A certain building in a suburb of Indianapolls is painted all over the outside wit proclamations that it is the "Panacea. "The Panacea for picnics and dancing par ties." "The Panacea for family picnics." Are picnics so fatal as to require a panacea? Or is it the picnic habit that the establishment will cure? Can an elderly and ease-loving pater familias take his to lively young family there, and have them acquire such a distaste for picnics that they will henceforth stay at home in peace? Query: Did the proprietor mean paragon

"When I become a millionaire," said the Critical One, "I shall found a school for teaching elementary science to novelists." "Oh!" said the Botanical One, "will you teach them not to have tulips, lilies and dahlias all blossoming at the same time and not to have the heroine wear the crimson stars of the cypress vine at night when they open only in the morning?"

"That will be one of the chairs, but what | Paris Messenger. I was thinking of particularly was the class in astronomy. Do you remember Rider Haggard's eclipse, in "King Solomon's Mines?" In the first place, it happens at the time of full moon; how, when the moo is on the opposite side of the earth from the sun, she could suddenly slip between the earth and sun would puzzle an astronomer, but never troubled Rider in the least Then, instead of the shadows being forty to sixty miles wide, as in ordinary eclipses, was in the British Isles and South Africa at the same time. You know the dynasty the craft of building in stone had strange, ghastly twilight of a total eclipse, which lasts from two to six minutes, and in which, weird and awful as it is, you can features of a stone building in the develsee with perfect distinctness? Well, in Rider Haggard's eclipse there was absolute blackness of darkness for a full hour, and darkness so great you could not find your way for four hours!

"Then there is the man who was carried

The president invited the club to a festal off to Max Pemberton's 'Impregnable supper on her beautiful' lawn. The pres- Island.' He lived there six months, and ident lived in her ancestral home-a fine when they sent him away, and he wanted to old mansion which once stood in the coun- find his way back, he didn't even know try, before the city grew out so far, and whether it was north or south of the

"On the contrary, when he finally found

to help her decorate the long tables under it. it was farther north of the equator than we are north of it-and yet, in all flowers and ferns. But after the baskets | that time, he had never noticed which way of white roses had been emptied more white his shadow fell at noon. Then, in one of flowers were needed-something in big, flat | Molly Elliott Seawell's stories, the new moon, a slender crescent, is rising in the dens stripped, the time short. Behold the east, at half-past 7 in the evening." "What's wrong with that?" said the Bot-

> anical One. "My dear! Don't you know that the new moon is never seen except when it is setting in the west? A crescent moon rising in the east, is an old moon, and is seen just before sunrise in the morning."

> "I'll give you a text-book for your geography class," the Young Mother hastened to say, covering the botanist's confusion: "My small boy is crazy to go to the island of Juan Fernandez and locate the scenes in Robinson Crusoe. He read in the Youth's Companion about some boys who went there, and identified the cave and the outlook-and man Friday's foot-print for aught I know-and saw the descendants of the goats running wild on the rocks. So I made him a catechism, which reads thus:

"Question. Where is the island of Juan Fernandez? Answer. Off the coast of Chile, in about longitude W. 80 and latitude

"Q. For what is it famous? A An English sailor, Alexander Selkirk, was marooned there for mutiny, and lived there alone for four or five years. "Q. Did his adventures at all resemble

Robinson Crusoe's? A. Only in the bare fact of living on a desert island. "Q. Is there any proof that the experience of Alexander Selkirk is in any way connected with the story of Robinson Cru-

soe? A. There is none. It is not even proved that Defoe ever read of Selkirk. "Q. Whence and whither was Robinson Crusoe sailing when he was wrecked on the Island of Despair? A. From Brazil to "Q. When the first storm abated, where did he find himself? A. Upon the coast of Guiana, or the north part of Brazil, beyond

the mouth of the River Amazon, and near to that of the Oronoko, called the Great "Q. Whither did he then sail? A. Northwest by west for the Barbadoes. "Q. Where were they when the second

storm struck them? A. In lat. 12 deg "Q. Which way were they driven? To the westward.

"Q. Is it reasonable to suppose this storm could have driven them diagonally across South America and Guiana to Chile, over the tops of the Andes, and three or four hundred miles out to sea, to a small island in the Pacific? A. Well, hardly,

"Q. Where does Defoe say Robinson Crusoe's island was? A. In lat. 9 deg. 22 m. near the island of Trinidad and so close to the Caribbees that cannibals came there from them in canoes.

"Q. Then why do school geographies and Juan Fernandez with Crusoe's island? A That is one of those things no fellow can

Now is the time when the newspapers begin to publish directions for jelly-mak- paper. ing, wherein, following the lead of th cookery books, they say: "Take nice ripe fruit, use a pound of sugar to a pound of juice." Wherefore it comes about that one of the familiar figures of the joke man and the novelist is the disconsolate young wife whose jelly refuses to "jell." Listen to me, beloved, and I will show you a more excellent way. Jelly-making is easy; it does not require knack and experience, like pastry making, for instance. Its cardinal principles are three:

Use fruit not more than half ripe.

Never use a pound of sugar to a pound of

Observe these rules and you will have no difficulty in making firm, clear, jelly, that will not be sticky and oversweet, like that made by the rules in the books. All the fussing, finesse and elaborations may be emitted. As fruit ripens, the natural gums change to grape-sugar, therefore, use it when it is just beginning to ripen, before the jelly-making substances have been lost. You need not remove stems, stones or cores. Wash it and cook till tenderapples and similar fruits must have plenty of water to cover well-other fruits should have only a little. Put it when hot into bag made of half a fifty-pound flour sack -how anyone that has ever smelled wet flannel can use a flannel jelly bag I do not understand; take your squeezers squeeze out the juice-do not wait for it to drain, as the more rapid the process, the more successful. Have two cups alike, one for measuring juice, one for sugar. Measure six cups of juice, boil as fast as your fire will permit for ten minutes. Then measure two cups of sugar to three of juice; add to the jelly on the fire. Watch carefully after adding sugar and lift it of the fire a moment if it is in danger of boiling over. Apples and crab apples require only one cup of sugar to two of juice. Very "tart" fruits, such as currants and wild plums, need three of sugar to four of juice. To tell when it is done, dip a dry teaspoor into the boiling jelly and let it drip. If the last drop "hairs off" the jelly is done Your fruit must be used as soon after gathering as possible. Every day's delay will impair both the quantity and quality of your jelly. Use only enameled or porcelain-lined kettles. You can improvise squeezers by tacking two smooth sticks loosely together by means of a stout muslin strap. You will find your jelly much better flavored than that with too muci sugar in it, as well as clearer and firmer. EGYPTIAN ARCHITECTURE.

Sir Martin Conway Describes the Ear liest Stone Buildings.

At the meeting of the Royal Institute o British Architects, held the other evening in London, Sir Martin Conway read a paper on "The Beginning of the Egyptian Style Architecture." The lecturer said the Egy tian style appeared to have arisen about the time of the fourth dynasty and to have rapidly developed during the fifth. Until recently it was commonly believed that th early dynastic Egyptians employed for small and costly edifices. In fact, however, no such Egyptian wooden architecture ever existed. The earlier Egyptian stone buildings had no architectural feature whatever. It was mere building, not archibeen carried to a high degree of perfection. but it had developed no architectural art.

The lecturer described the characteristic

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Quickly and effectively in all cases of Nervous and Sick Headache, Lumbago, Sea and Car-Sickness, Irritability, Bearingdown and Ovarian Pains.

REV. W. H. SHEAK, Peru, Ind., says: "I had a severe attack of neuralgia in my face. I was almost crazed with pain. I suffered intensely several hours. I took one of Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills, letting it dissolve in my mouth; in less than fifteen minutes I felt relief. After an hour I took another tablet, and soon the pain was all gone and I fell into a natural, restful sleep, from which I awoke without any pain or disagreeable effects. My wife used them for toothache and mother for headache with excellent

"My husband and daughter have been great sufferers from rheumatism, but have found quick relief in the use of Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills. I find them excellent for headache and neuralgia. which they immediately relieve. I take great pleasure in recommending them to be exactly as represented."MRS. IDA HOLMES, 24 Euclid Ave., Ft. Wayne, Ind.



Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Sciatica, Backache, LaGrippe, Pain in Stomach, Ague Pains, Indigestion, Dizziness, Nervousness and Sleeplessness.

'I was suffering with La Grippe; I could not sleep at night, my appetite was poor and I was very nervous. I began taking Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills and was soon able to attend to my household I had suffered frequently with neuralgia for twenty-five years, but I am now completely cured. I always keep the Pain Pills in the house."-MRS. S. A. HARTSOCK, Elwood, Ind.

"I keep Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills constantly on hand, and find them beneficial to myself and family in all cases of headache. neuralgia or pain of any kind."— MRS. C. B. WEAVER, 119 Columbia Ave., Ft. Wayne, Ind. 'Dr. Miles' Anti-Pain Pills are sold by all druggists, 25 cents a box, under a positive guarantee that the first box will benefit

The Genuine Dr. Miles' Remedies are never sold at cut prices.

eral actual examples of stone architecture | remembered that when it comes to making containing decorative features. Throughout the period when true stone architecture was arising Egypt pyramid building steadily lost its charm for the Kings, the reason evidently being that, as time advanced, less of the mass of human energy under the com- | finest of several pieces of work. This latter mand of the King was devoted to pyramid

or money refunded.

building and more to building of some other The lecturer next considered the character of the divine temples of the old empire, and referred to the evolution brought about in temple building by changes in religious ceremonial and by the gradual ousting of the laity from the temple services and the rise of the priestly caste. Finally, he considered the character of the sculptured decoration applied to old empire temples and the sys

tem of its distribution Concluding, he said that Egypt had im pressed the prestige of its mighty name as a country of great buildings and noble art on the imagination of succeeding generations. They were only now beginning to realize that the reputation of Egypt as an ancient artistic nation, so far from being exaggerated, did not attain the level it deserved. The lecturer was thanked for his

A KING'S TRAINING.

As a General Thing, It Involves a System of Repression.

Brooklyn Eagle.

Training for the Servian throne involves self repression that must become a considerable element in the building of character. There are and have been claimants of all sorts for this perilous distinction. The founder of the late dynasty kept pigs, and was a kind of prodigious son. The founder of the present dynasty was a tradesman. A man has to begin somewhere, and one who is going to start a race of kings might better be a swineherd or a shopkeeper than one of your ruffling old head smashers who pounded his way to the seat of the mighty of them shall receive the quarter.

by sheer physical force. cer. His rival, who lives in Brooklyn, and has not decided that he will put in a claim, sells wine. Another claimant has married rich girl for a living. Louis XVI used to make locks and he said that if fate had let but her eyes are too close together," of him alone and not made a King of him could nearly have earned his living. His own locks were shorn off by the national barber, the guillotine. When in America Louis Philippe earned a livelihood by teaching school, Napoleon III, while in New York, served on the police force, in his sober moments, but graft had not been invented then, so he soon resigned. The missing Dauphin, who lived in the northern part of this State, was a missionary and preacher. Carlos, the claimant of the Spanish throne served in the armies of strangers. Frederick lows who are, as occasion arises, forced the Great learned to play on the flute while

waiting for his father's hat and shoes, but All this leaves it vague as to how far a King must repress himself before he be- so far. comes one. It appears to be infra dig to keep a shop, or hoe potatoes, or run a hotel; ye it is entirely permissible to borrow money hang up tradesmen, travel to the races with other people's wives, strike the national treasury for funds to pay gambling debts drink to repletion, attend 5 o'clock teas and do other things that are unproductive except of trouble. Queer, isn't it? Your Hollander or Belgian would have been horrified if he learned that his King had sold a pint of beer, yet if he had gone to bed pickled with rum and champagne it would have been regarded as proper and usual conduct. A King may do anything that is trifling foolish, wicked, and earn no blame; but if

he attempts anything useful the walking delegate calls and demands to know why. The result of the repressions is that kings grow up to be mentally one-sided and ignorant of the needs and employments of the people they are to rule. Only one business ppears to be permitted to them; killing. They can join the army or navy, but that is all. They can learn to shoot and fence, but they cannot learn to save life. They are not to dabble in science. They are not even to study finance and political economy They may not preach-though the Kaise lid that once, just to say so. To paint, etch play on the plano, sing, act, dance, design hats, lecture, do odd jobs of plumbing plain embroidery, all this is denied to them. Saturally the attempt to keep in one rut to have but one employment-and that, strengthens the moral nature of kings, but at the same time it makes them liable mistakes, and whenever they blunder the people do sudden and unexpected things they did to Milan, Louis XVI, Nero Richard III and Sam Parks. Aren't we far enough along in progress now to be a little easier on royalty-to admit it to some of the wider of human employments and internot let royalty keep away from Monte Carlo, if it wants to? Why not let it joi the church? Why not heed its whimperings that it does not want to spend all its evenings in the house of the scarlet woman some kings might be very decent fellows if the absurd people would only remove the ban of self-repression and give a wider

Newspapers vs. Magazines.

Profitable Advertising.

swing to them

The newspaper advertiser has a decided curb writes something like this: when it comes to making a striking or spec-tacular exhibit, for the reason that the size of the newspaper page offers a better op-portunity for display, and also because the wspaper gives greater force to contrasts. good design stands out conspicuously

design is intensified by contrast; and, therefore, while it's a good thing to have a design show up as a fine piece of work, it's a better thing to have it show up as the result may be accomplished by newspapers.

NEW GAME OF "KNOCKERINA."

A Charming Diversion for the Boys on the Street Corner.

The men who exist in a certain boarding house in this town have developed a new gambling game. They call it "knockerina." It is best played when all of the boarders, men and women, are sitting out on the front porch and on the lawn during the hours of daylight that remain after dinner, although it can be played at any

ular boarding house are around or passing in review in front of the house. The method of "knockerina" is as fol-There is a standing idea among all of the male boarders that no woman will listen to men's praise of another woman for her good looks, or, for that matter, for any

time when women not living in that partic-

other quality, without getting in some sort of a dab at the expense of the praised So, for example, when all of the boarders are sitting out in front of the house. one of the "knockerina" playing men, see-

ing a woman coming down the street, will exclaim: "Pretty girl, that, isn't she?" He says this so that all of the women can hear the remark. If by any possible chance any of

women agree with him that the girl com-

ing down the street really is pretty, then the man making the remark is out a quarter, the other "knockerina" players matching among themselves to see which If, however-and this is what almost fact-as, for example, "Oh, yes, she's fairly good-looking, but she nas such walk," or "Um-ye-es, not so bad-looking, "decent enough appearing, but she's so mean to her mother," or "She pads dreadfully," or "She's snippy and stuck up," or "She cries for hours every day because she knows her nose is crooked," or something like that; in this case the young man who has remarked that the girl coming down the street was pretty wins a quarter from the other "knockerina" players, and they match among themselves to see which of

Mark Twain's Movements.

them shall give the 25 cents to the winner.

to take the short end of it by standing to

lose a quarter on the proposition that none

of the women will have a knock for the

woman praised, are losing out pretty fast

It's a great game, all right, but the fel-

It is not probable, as has been reported to-day, that Mark Twain is permanently to expatriate himself, making his home permanently with the American colony in Florence, Italy. He may be gone a year, but if, at any time after the next winter has passed, it is learned that Mrs. Clemens has fully recovered her health there will be speedy return to the United States Mark Twain has been living for two years in a beautiful home at Riverdale, where he shas the Palisades of the Hudson for a vista and where he is within a half hour's reach of his publishers and his bank. He ventured to buy a place at Tarrytown, where he would have been a neighbor of Rockefellers, and where every inch is rich in tradition of the capture of Andre and the lore which Washington Irving has preserved. But for some reason he abandoned his plan of living there, the presumption having been that he found that the often humid or raw, penetrated by the mists that rise from the Hudson, was not conducive to the health of his family. His two years' residence in New York was a delight to him. He found congenial company, was much invited to places where men of liant intellect meet, and often said that after his experience in Europe and in the far East he could say with emphasis that New York was the most delightful place of residence, either for a man without brains

Quicker Than the Telephone.

or for a man with plenty of intellectuals.

A firm of young men doing a brokerage ousiness on the curb market have conceived quick method of getting quotations into their office. While other firms are shouting messages over the telephone or hiring messtands among the curb brokers with an or dinary school slate under his arm, ready to flash the quotations by a sort of wireless telegraphy-one, however, which does not infringe on the Marconi patents. The office windows of the young brokers, on the ninth floor of a tall building, command a view of the curb. When the curb broker blows a police whistle, an office boy comes to the window with a marine glass. The man on the

> GREEN COPPER 204-14. MARINE 7-8.

features and principles of Egyptian architecture, invented by the mud-builders, into stone took place, the lecturer said that the well-known sarcophagus of Khufuankh at Caire threw a welcome light on that problem. The fifth dynasty had left them seving the control of the control of the control of the control of the stands out conspicuously from a newspaper page, its merits being brought to the reader's attention as much bolds his slate up above his head at the right angle. There have been a good many smiles on the curb since this shade of the control of t